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4MOST

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VOL. 8 - No. 1

10¢



JACK
HEARNE

4MOST'S NEWEST
STAR...

★ ★ ★ ★
TONI GAYLE ★
PLUS
THE CADET
EDISON BELL
LEM THE GREM



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

4THOUGHTS AND AFTERTHOUGHTS

THE EDITORS WRITE:

Dear Readers:

Attention, you readers who have followed Dick Cole's thrilling adventures in 4MOST! You will be glad to know that Dick is now in a book all his own, entitled DICK COLE. There will be at least two complete and exciting stories of Dick's adventures in the new DICK COLE book which will go on sale at the newsstands December 8, 1948. Don't miss it!

In this issue we now give you a newcomer to 4MOST, Toni Gayle, who is not only a beautiful photographer's model, but also a detective. She always seems to get herself into trouble unknowingly, but manages to bring the unjust to justice.

In addition to "Cadet", "Edison Bell", "Lem the Grem" and "Toni Gayle", you will find "Candid Charlie" which combines merriment and action to give you all a laugh. All in all, there are 52 pages of fun and relaxation in 4MOST.

Show your 4MOST to your folks and let them see what a good book you read.

Cordially yours,
The Editors

THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

I like your magazine very much, that is the stories. I would like to congratulate you on the swell characters in it. But after reading the Sept.-Oct. issue I was disappointed. You left out "Candid Charlie", why? He was one of my favorites. If it is not asking too much would you please have him in your next issue. This would make 4MOST really wonderful. All my friends agree that he is a member of 4MOST and should not be left out.

A 4MOST fan,
Eleanor Ogden
Pisgan Forest, N. C.

You'll find Candid Charlie in this issue, Eleanor. The reason we leave him out sometimes is that you readers want it that way. From your letters we can tell the demand, and that's why we include "Candid Charlie" in this issue.

Dear Editors:

I not only read and enjoy 4MOST comics but sell magazines in a small country store, and I can truthfully say there's not another of its kind I sell with more assurance that it will give pleasure and a wholesome viewpoint. Congratulations for your fine work. Give us more questions and answers.

Yours truly,
M. L. Sigler
Fullerton, La.

Thanks M. L. Sigler for your fine compliment. We are glad that our readers appreciate our work. We'll see about more Q's and A's.

Dear Editors:

I could hardly wait to finish your 4MOST comics for the months July-August, so I could write you this letter telling you how interesting it was. Your cover was wonderful.

After returning from a hard day's work, I looked through a collection of "comics", and your cover attracted my attention. I read this, and its contents were so great that I passed it on to one of my friends. He is reading it now and when he finishes I am sure you will receive a letter from him commending you on your fine work.

"Keep the good work up!"

Sincerely yours,
Ruth Butler
Jackson, Miss.

4MOST is ever getting new readers, and we are always glad to hear from them. We are happy that 4MOST made such a hit with you, Ruth.

Dear Editors:

I just read your July-August issue of 4MOST, Volume 7, Number 4. I am sure it has helped me a great deal in drawing horses and sailboats, my favorite sports and models. I think Mr. Cole did an excellent job on the cover.

I think you should have a whole quiz page at the end on the events in the stories to see how well we read them.

People who are interested in plays could get some good basic material from some of your stories, for instance, "Lem the Grem". Sometimes I think you should give us a hint of the story

coming in several months, sort of a summary, and a prize for the child who can draw the best cover.

Faithful to 4MOST,
Georgia Sommers
St. Paul, Minn.

Your cover artist, Mr. Leonard Cole, certainly appreciates your compliment, Georgia. He has a great love for animals and an art for drawing them. We will consider your suggestions.

Dear Editors:

I'm a faithful reader of your magazine. I enjoy very much your questions and answers at the bottom of the page. I often ask my family the questions and see if they can give me the answers. We all have pleasure in doing this. We not only have pleasure but we also learn many things we didn't know.

The only person I would like to be fixed is Dan. I like "Lem the Grem" very much.

Yours truly,
Joan Cilento
Jersey City, N. J.

We're glad that you enjoy the Questions and Answers at the bottom of the pages and that you see their educational value.

Dan has some funny ways about him, but so many readers like him as he is, that we feel he should remain as he is, Joan.

BUY BONDS

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

Printed in the U.S.A.

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



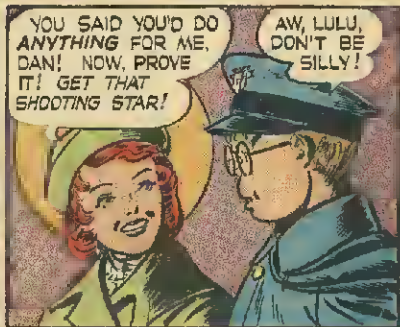
SHOOTING STAR!
THAT MEANS
GOOD LUCK!

Nine
Blowright

WILL THIS OBJECT, FLASHING ACROSS THE EVENING SKY, REALLY BRING GOOD LUCK TO KIT AND DAN AND THEIR GIRL FRIENDS, GINNY DAWN AND LULU SCOTT? WELL, MAYBE. MORE LIKELY IT'S A PORTENT OF MYSTERY AND DANGER!

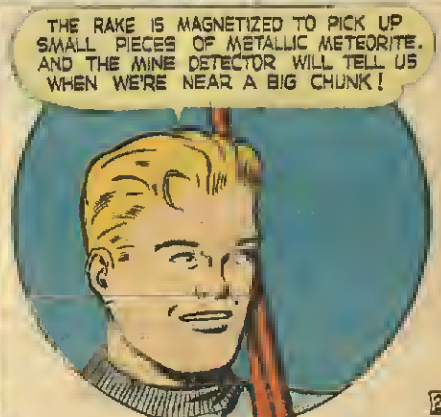
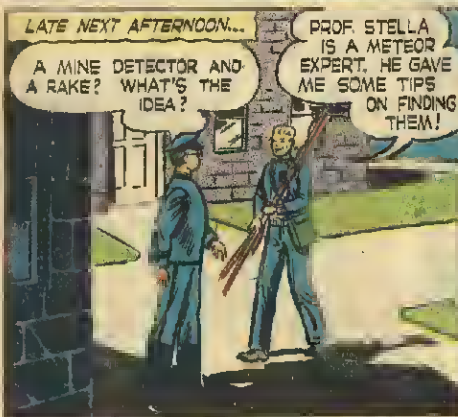
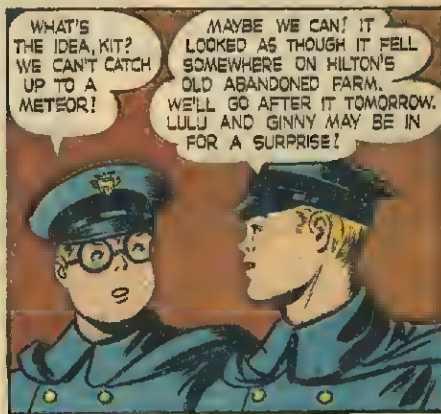
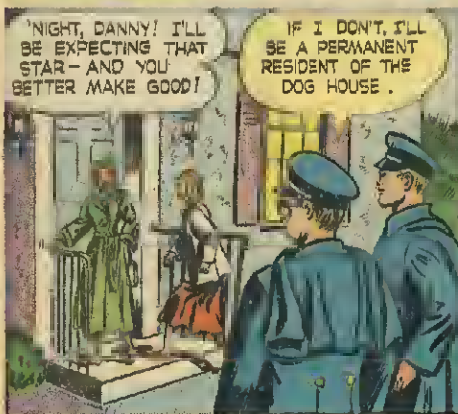
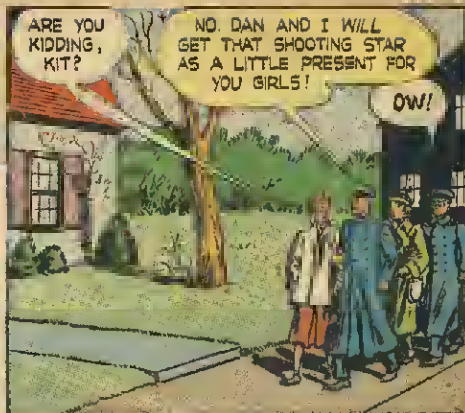
YOU SAID YOU'D DO
ANYTHING FOR ME,
DAN! NOW, PROVE
IT! GET THAT
SHOOTING STAR!

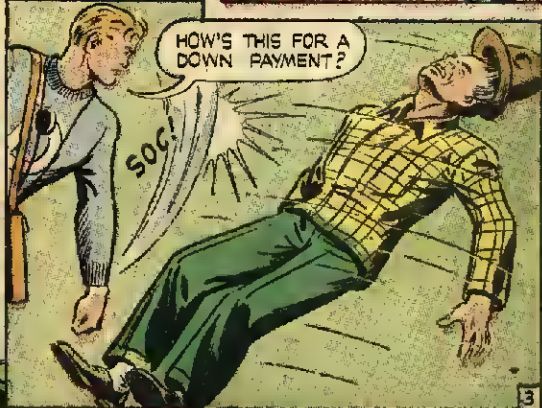
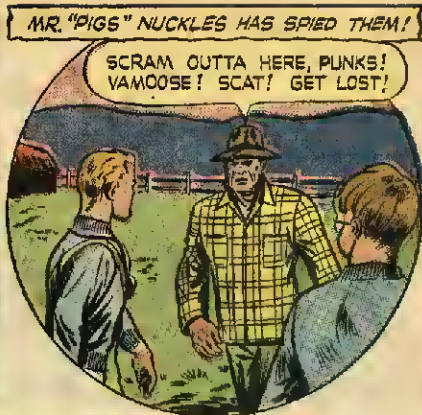
AW, LULU,
DON'T BE
SILLY!



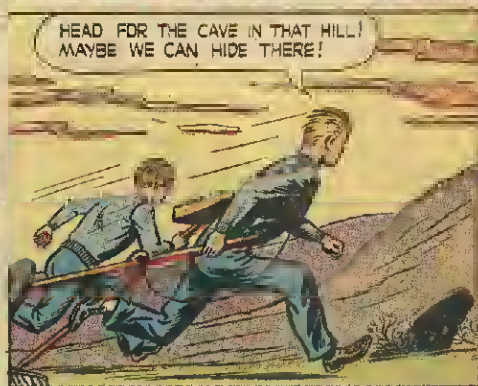
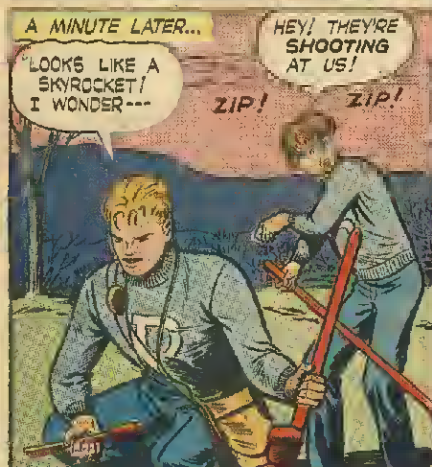
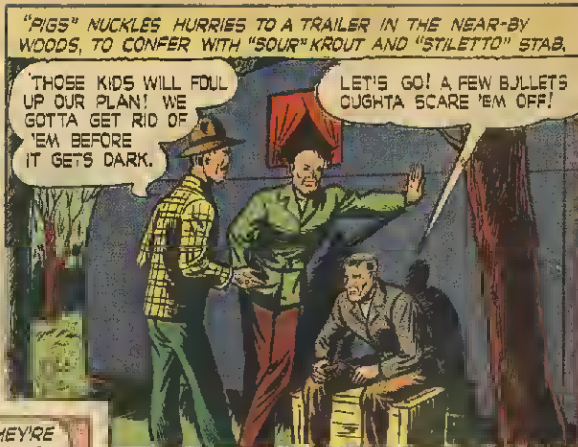
Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director

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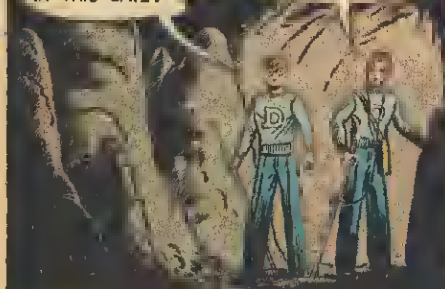
Q 1 Who was the author of "Lost Horizon"? Rhymes with "Milton". Hint above!



INSIDE THE CAVE...

WHAT GOES ON
AROUND HERE? AND
WHY ARE WE TRAPPED
IN THIS CAVE?

IT'S A MYSTERY TO
ME, DAN! I'M NOT
EVEN SURE THAT THE
METEOR WE SAW
WAS A METEOR!



JUST THEN, AT THE NEAR-BY MANSION OF THE
LATE MILLIONAIRE J.G. HOLLEY, AS DARKNESS FALLS

'EVENIN', MR. JIPP. STILL
BUSY CATALOGING HOLLEY'S
TRINKETS, EH?

YES. HE LEFT
SO MANY
JEWELS AND ART
TREASURES WE HAVE
TO WORK NIGHT AND
DAY TO EVALUATE
THEM!



EVERYBODY WHO LEAVES GETS
FRISKED FROM TOP TO TOE.
NOBODY'S GONNA WALK OFF
WITH STUFF WHILE
WE'RE ON GUARD.

NO. YOU'RE
VERY
EFFICIENT!

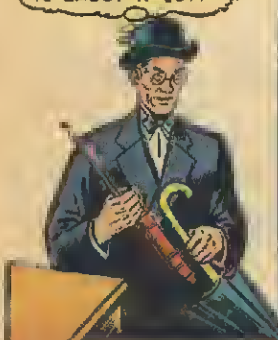


JIPP GOES TO A ROOM ON THE TOP FLOOR

AH! NO ONE HERE,
BUT I'LL HAVE TO
WORK FAST!



IT MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE
TO CARRY ANY LOOT OUT
OF HERE, BUT IT'S EASY
TO SHOOT IT OUT!



A HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLARS WORTH OF
JEWELS!



NOW... INTO THE ROCKET
GO THE JEWELS!



Q 2 What is the hardest of all stones?

THERE. THIS OLD FLAGPOLE FITTING IS AT JUST THE RIGHT ANGLE TO ZIP THE ROCKET OVER TO THE HILTON FARM!



JIPP TOUCHES A MATCH TO THE ROCKET...

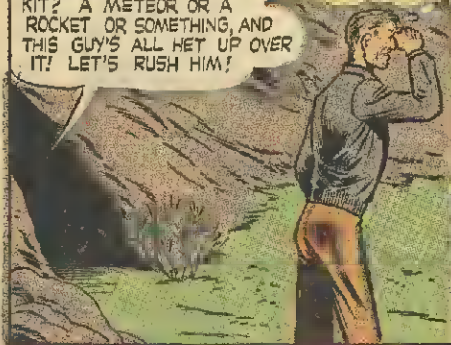
THIS KIND OF FIREWORKS REALLY CHEERS ME UP!



A MOMENT LATER...

AH! HERE COMES THE ROCKET! IT LANDED SOMEPLACE IN THAT FIELD!

HSSST! DID YOU SEE THAT, KIT? A METEOR OR A ROCKET OR SOMETHING, AND THIS GUY'S ALL HET UP OVER IT! LET'S RUSH HIM!



NO. HE'D HEAR OUR STEPS ON THE GRAVEL AND SHOOT US! LET'S TRY THE MAGNETIC RAKE!



KIT DEFTLY PICKS UP THE STEEL GUN WITH THE MAGNETIZED RAKE!

HEY!

THIS IS THE RAKE-OFF, CHUM!

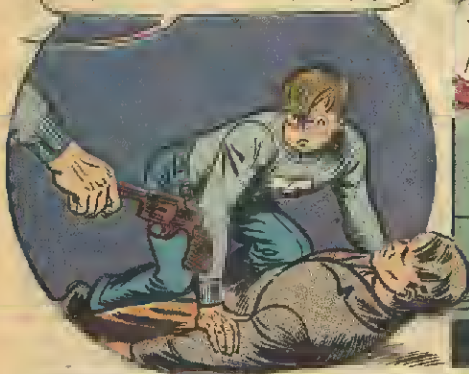


--AND THIS IS THE KNOCK-OFF!



A 2 The diamond, which is crystallized carbon, is the hardest.

HERE'S THE GUN, DAN. TIE HIM UP WHILE I HUNT FOR THAT METEOR.



KIT HUNTS OVER THE MOONLIT FIELD.

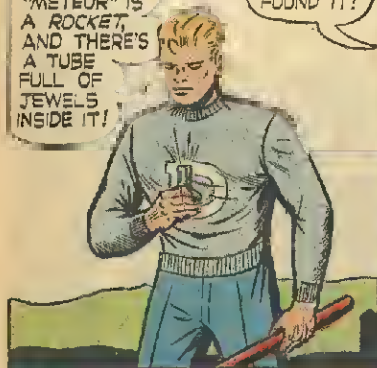
I CANNED "SOUR" KROUT, KIT!
WHAT NEXT? DO WE TAKE ON "PIGS"
NUCKLES AS A
MIDNIGHT SNACK?

AH,
HERE
IT IS!



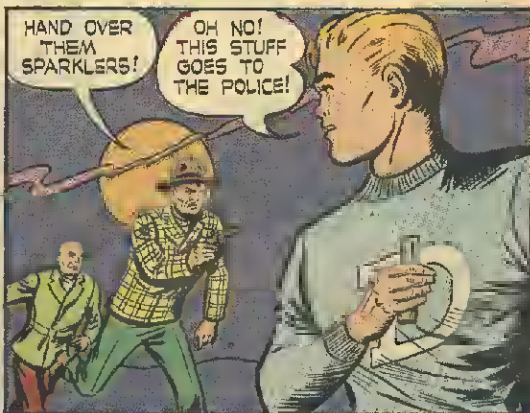
WHEW! THE
"METEOR" IS
A ROCKET,
AND THERE'S
A TUBE
FULL OF
JEWELS
INSIDE IT!

THE KIDS
FOUND IT!



HAND OVER
THEM
SPARKLERS!

OH NO!
THIS STUFF
GOES TO
THE POLICE!



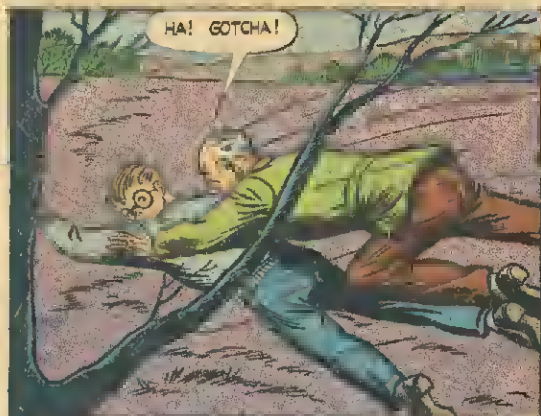
RUN, DAN! WE
CAN LOSE 'EM IN
THE WOODS!

CRACK!
CRACK!



UGH!



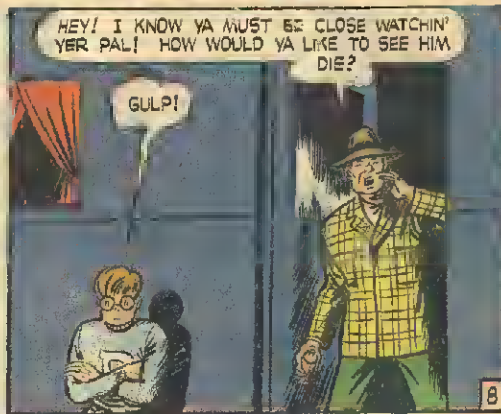


I BETTER
FOLLOW.
THEY MIGHT
HURT DAN!

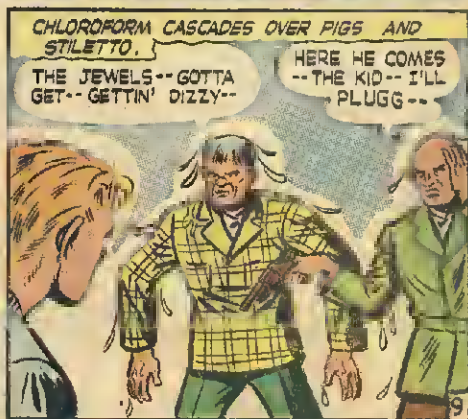
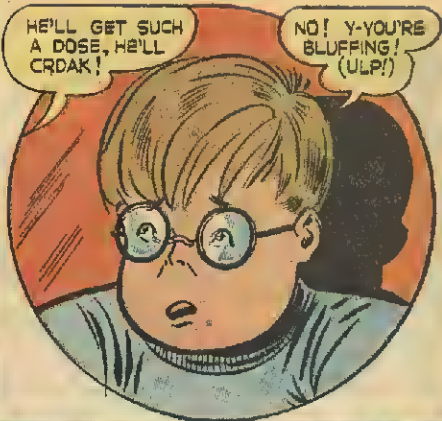
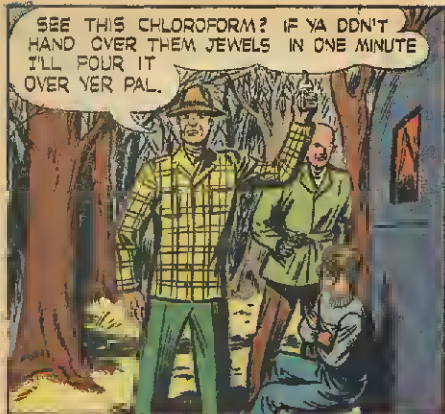


YOU GUYS CAN'T
SCARE ME!

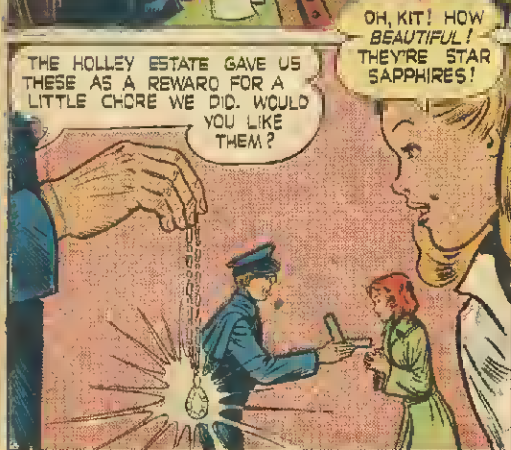
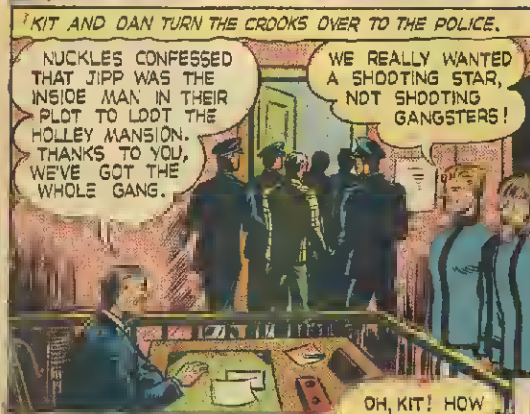
NO? JUST
WAIT PAL! I
WANNA GET
SOMETHIN'!



GULP!



Q 4 What is the formula for chloroform?



A 4 CHCl3. It is used as an anaesthetic in surgical operations.

A GENUINE SATIN
HOLLYWOOD

YOUR
NAME
FREE!

Champion JACKET

IN YOUR OWN SCHOOL COLORS!

SEND NO MONEY!

Here's a buy, fellows! Just check these features!

1. Your own school, club, or team colors.
2. Vol-dyed, water repellent satin.
3. Fully lined.
4. Free action roglan sleeves.
5. Sizes 8-16, only \$9.95. Sizes 34-44, \$10.95.

SEND NO MONEY!

When jacket arrives, pay post-
mon \$9.95 or \$10.95, plus law
cents postage. Or
send cash with
coupon, and we
pay postage.

Hollywood Champions, Dept. FM-1
P. O. Box 1333, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send me _____ jackets, size _____
in color combination of _____ and _____

Put the name _____ on
jacket. (Sizes 8-16, \$9.95, sizes 34-44, \$10.95).
Add 3% sales tax in California.

Name _____

Address _____

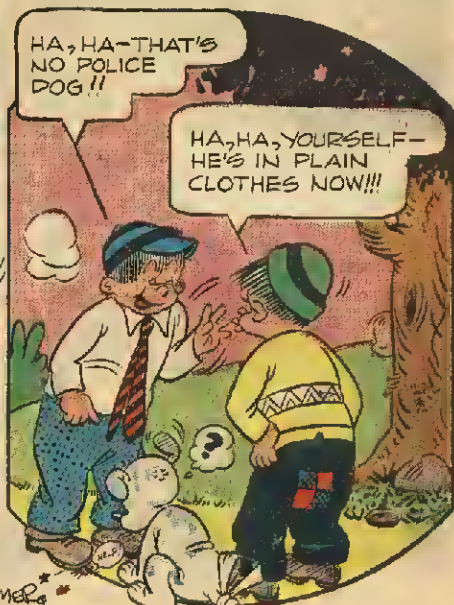
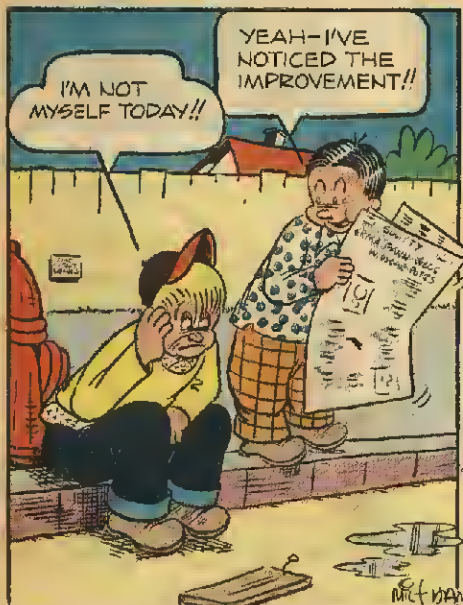
City & State _____

RUSH COUPON FOR PROMPT DELIVERY!

HOLLYWOOD CHAMPIONS

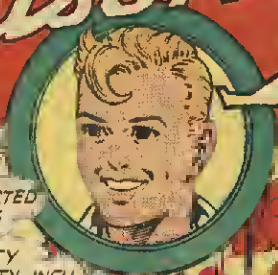
WRITE FOR
INFORMATION

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded



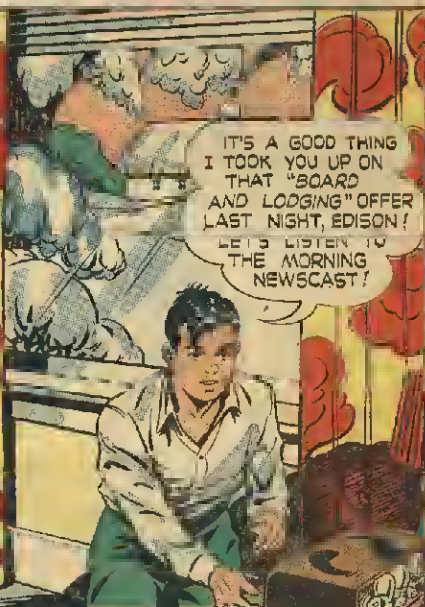
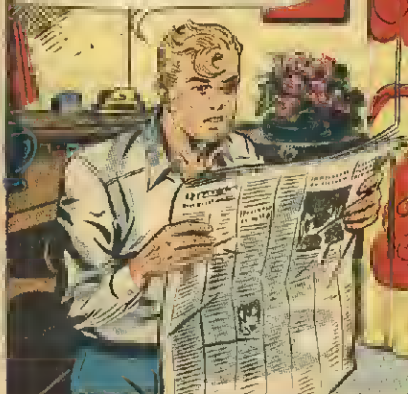
MIL HAMMER

Edison Bell



LISTEN TO THIS, JERRY: "AN UNEXPECTED SNOWSTORM, STRIKING LAST NIGHT, HAS COVERED THE COUNTY WITH A RECORD THIRTY-INCH FALL! -THE DOG SHOW SCHEDULED TO OPEN TODAY, HAS BEEN POSTPONE!"

IT'S A GOOD THING I TOOK YOU UP ON THAT "BOARD AND LODGING" OFFER LAST NIGHT, EDISON! LET'S LISTEN TO THE MORNING NEWSCAST!



...A SERIOUS SITUATION HAS DEVELOPED IN THE NEIGHBORING TOWN OF GRANTSVILLE, WHERE RESIDENTS ARE FACED WITH A SPREADING FLU EPIDEMIC!

OH-OH, TROUBLE!



... BECAUSE OF HIGHWAY AND AIRWAY CONDITIONS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTY, DELIVERY OF MUCH NEEDED ANTI-FLU SERUM IS VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE!

"IMPOSSIBLE" ... I WONDER ??



THROUGH TEN MILES OF
THIS HEAVY SNOW...
ARE YOU KIDDING?

THAT TEN-MILE RUN
WOULD BE A LARK WITH
THIS ALASKAN DOG TEAM...
IF WE COULD GET
PERMISSION TO USE IT!

YOU KNOW, JERRY, THERE'S JUST
A BARE POSSIBILITY WE *COULD*
PUSH THROUGH TO GRANTSVILLE!

BUT HOW COULD
WE GET DOWN TO
THE RAILROAD
DEPOT IN THE
FIRST PLACE?

THE SOLUTION
TO *THAT*
PROBLEM LIES
RIGHT IN MY
CELLAR, CHUM!
COME
ON!

REMEMBER
THOSE BARREL-
STAVE
SNOWSHOES
WE WERE
WORKING ON
LAST WEEK?

YEAH,
WE SORT
OF STOPPED
IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE
JOB!

YOU STOPPED, LAZY,
BUT I FINISHED THEM
...*BOTH PAIRS!*

WELL,
WHAT ARE
WE
WAITING
FOR?

ALL
SET?

RIGHT! I GAVE THE
HOSPITAL A BUZZ AND
THEY SAID THEY COULD
SPARE A QUANTITY OF
SERUM!

A HALF HOUR LATER...

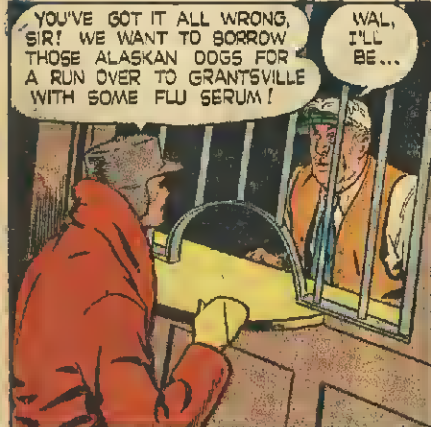
SO FAR, SO GOOD...
THERE'S THE DEPOT
UP AHEAD!

AND NOW
TO SEE ABOUT
THE DOG TEAM!



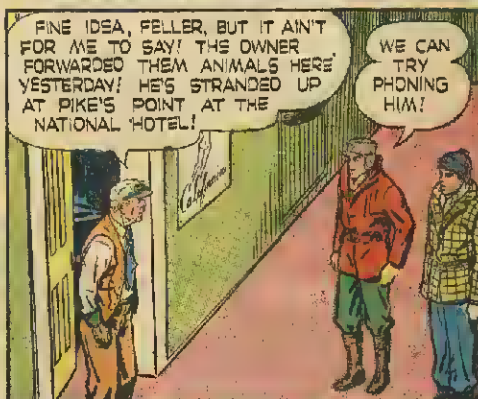
YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG,
SIR! WE WANT TO BORROW
THOSE ALASKAN DOGS FOR
A RUN OVER TO GRANTSVILLE
WITH SOME FLU SERUM!

WAL,
I'LL
BE...



FINE IDEA, FELLER, BUT IT AIN'T
FOR ME TO SAY! THE OWNER
FORWARDED THEM ANIMALS HERE
YESTERDAY! HE'S STRANDED UP
AT PIKE'S POINT AT THE
NATIONAL HOTEL!

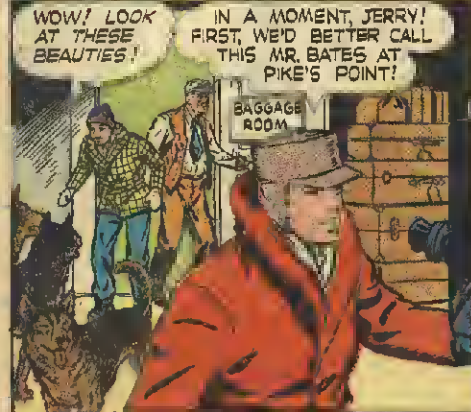
WE CAN
TRY
PHONING
HIM!



WOW! LOOK
AT THESE
BEAUTIES!

IN A MOMENT, JERRY!
FIRST, WE'D BETTER CALL
THIS MR. BATES AT
PIKE'S POINT!

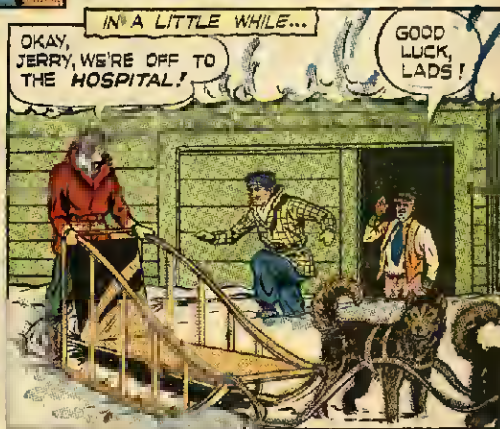
BAGGAGE
ROOM



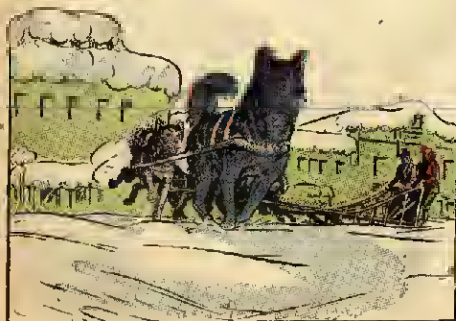
IN A HOTEL ROOM SEVENTY-FIVE MILES
AWAY...

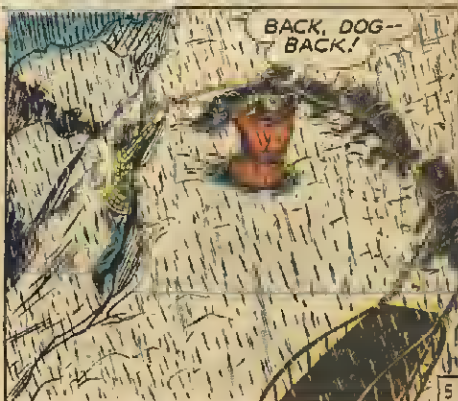
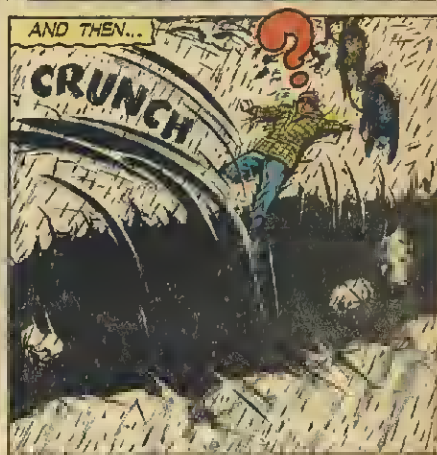
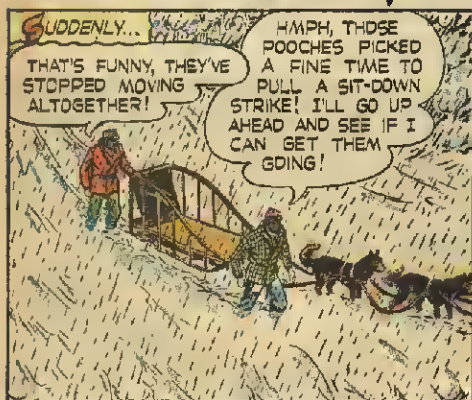
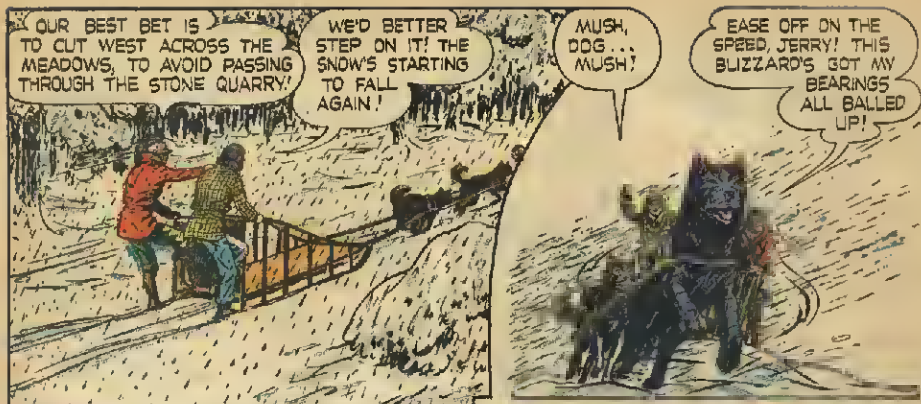
YEP, THIS IS BATES! WANT
TO USE 'EM FOR DELIVERING SERUM,
EH? WELL, THAT'S OKAY WITH ME,
SON... ONLY HITCH IS I HAVE
THE SLED HARNESS
UP HERE!

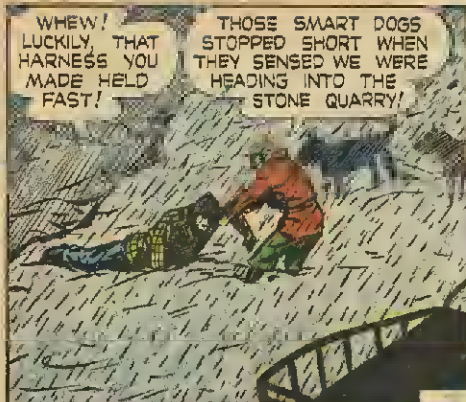




THE ALASKAN HUSKIES MAKE THE DASH TO THE HOSPITAL IN A MATTER OF MINUTES.







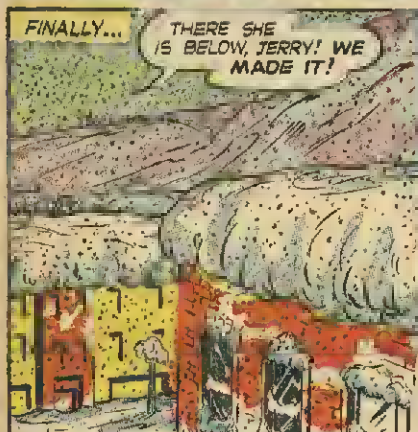
WHEW!
LUCKILY, THAT
HARNESS YOU
MADE HELD
FAST!

THOSE SMART DOGS
STOPPED SHORT WHEN
THEY SENSED WE WERE
HEADING INTO THE
STONE QUARRY!



AS SOON AS WE REACH
GRANTSVILLE, I PERSONALLY
AM GOING TO BUY THOSE
PUPS A BUSHEL OF
DOG BISCUITS!

MUSH!



FINALLY...

THERE SHE
IS BELOW, JERRY! WE
MADE IT!



HELLO, THERE, DOCTOR.
I'VE GOT SOME ANTI-FLU
SERUM HERE!

WELL, I'LL
BE...



YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT
THIS SERUM MEANS TO
US! WHERE DID YOU GET
THE ALASKAN HUSKIES?

THEY'RE TO
BE EXHIBITED
IN A DOG SHOW
IN OUR TOWN
SOON.



I'LL HAVE TO GET OVER AND SEE
THAT SHOW, BUT NOTHING IN IT COULD
TOP THE PERFORMANCE THOSE DOGS
AND YOU LADS PUT ON TODAY!

MAKE THESE SWELL

SNOWSHOES

AND BE THE ENVY OF ALL YOUR FRIENDS.

1. THE MATERIALS NEEDED ARE:

- FOUR BARREL STAVES (2½ FT. LONG).
- ONE SPOOL OF FISH TWINE.
- TWO 2 BY 7 IN. STRIPS OF FLEXIBLE LEATHER.
- FOUR 1 BY ¾ IN. PIECES OF FLEXIBLE WOOD, ABOUT 12 INCHES LONG.
- TWO OLD LEATHER BELTS.
- A BATCH OF LEATHER THONGS (OR LEATHER SHOELACES).

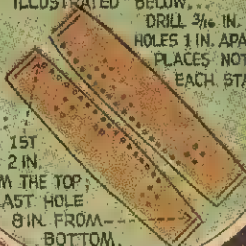
By
HARRY
LAZARUS

2.

TWO BARREL STAVES ARE USED TO MAKE EACH SHOE... PREPARE AS ILLUSTRATED BELOW.

DRILL ¾ IN. HOLES 1 IN. APART AT PLACES NOTED ON EACH STAVE.

NOTE:
START 1ST HOLE 2 IN. FROM THE TOP; LAST HOLE 8 IN. FROM BOTTOM.



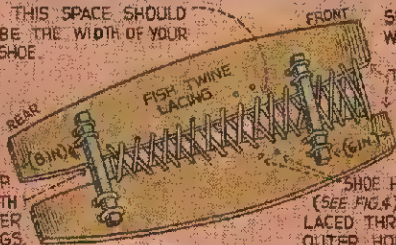
3. NEXT, STRAP ON TWO PIECES OF WOOD WITH LEATHER THONGS PULLED THROUGH THE DRILLED HOLES. (THE LEATHER THONGS SHOULD BE SOAKED IN WATER FIRST). THEN LACE YOUR FISH TWINE BACK AND FORTH THROUGH THE DRILLED HOLES.

THIS SPACE SHOULD BE THE WIDTH OF YOUR SHOE

FRONT

SPREAD WIDER AT TOE THAN AT HEEL.

STRAP ON WITH LEATHER THONGS.



4.

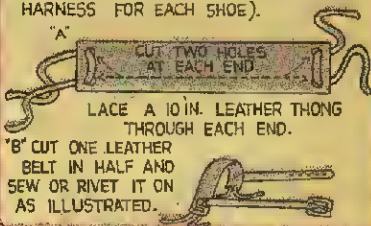
TO MAKE YOUR SNOWSHOE HARNESS, CUT AND PREPARE THE 2 X 7 IN. STRIPS OF LEATHER AS SHOWN. (CUT ONE HARNESS FOR EACH SHOE).

"A"

CUT TWO HOLES AT EACH END

LACE A 10 IN. LEATHER THONG THROUGH EACH END.

"B" CUT ONE LEATHER BELT IN HALF AND SEW OR RIVET IT ON AS ILLUSTRATED.



5.

THEN ATTACH THE SNOWSHOE HARNESS BY LACING THE LEATHER THONGS THROUGH THE DRILLED HOLES... TOE GOES UNDER LEATHER STRIP. BELT IS STRAPPED AT BACK OF FOOT ABOVE HEEL.



6.

AND NOW YOUR SNOWSHOES ARE READY FOR USE. NOTE: YOUR HEELS SHOULD ALWAYS SWING FREE FOR PROPER WALKING.



HERE'S HOW TO MAKE YOUR DOG A SWELL

HARNESS

THAT WILL ENABLE HIM TO PULL YOUR SLED OR WAGON WITH EASE.

By
HARRY
LAZARUS

1 WE SHOW HERE THREE DIFFERENT TYPES OF DOG HARNESS. IN EACH TYPE, THE LEATHER USED SHOULD BE SOFT AND PLIABLE, WITH THE DIMENSIONS DETERMINED BY THE SIZE OF YOUR DOG.

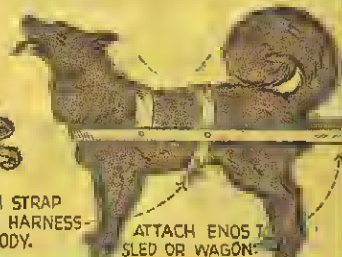
THE MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR EACH TYPE OF HARNESS ARE NOTED IN ITS DESCRIPTION.

USE RIVETS OR LACES



TIE-STRINGS ON END OF CINCH STRAP ARE MADE OF LEATHER SHOELACES

CINCH STRAP FASTENS HARNESS TO BODY.



ATTACH ENDS TO SLED OR WAGON.



3 THE "POINT BARROW HARNESS": THIS IS MERELY A WIDE STRIP OF RAWHIDE (LEATHER) WITH THREE SLITS CUT SIDE BY SIDE. THE DOG'S HEAD IS PASSED THROUGH THE CENTER SLIT, AND THE FORELEGS THROUGH THE SIDE SLITS.

CUT HOLE HERE FOR DOG



A LEATHER THONG OR STOUT ROPE IS TIED THROUGH A HOLE AND THEN TO SLED OR WAGON.

4 THE QJIBWAY (SEE FIG. 5) COLLAR SHOULD BE MADE OF A ROLL OF COTTON COVERED WITH LEATHER STRIPS SEWED FAST.



PREPARE CINCH STRAP AND TRACES AS IN FIG. 2

5 THE "QJIBWAY HARNESS": THIS SIMPLE HARNESS CONSISTS OF A WIDE SOFT COLLAR THAT FITS OVER THE DOG'S NECK AND RESTS UPON HIS SHOULDERS. THE TRACES ARE ATTACHED TO THE COLLAR. A SIMPLE CINCH IS FITTED AROUND DOG'S MIDDLE. (SEE FIG. 4)



Dick Cole is now in a book of his own entitled "DICK COLE" on sale at the newsstands.

HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO

BY ART HELFANT



JOIN THE
NAVY
AND SEE
THE
WORLD.



IN THE
NAVY
D SEE
THE
ORLD.



ONE HOUR LATER.

JOIN THE
NAVY
AND SEE
THE
WORLD.



JOIN THE
NAVY
AND SEE
THE
WORLD.



WEETENH CHAPTSMEN • Day 1, 4508 Omaha 3, Nebraska

Toni GAYLE



TY BENTON TAKES TONI TO THE TRADITIONAL DALE UNIVERSITY-MEALY COLLEGE GRIDIRON CLASH...

REALLY, TY, THINK OF ALL THE POOR MOTHS YOU MADE HOMELESS BY DRAGGING OUT THAT SILLY OLD SWEATER!

SILLY, MY EYE! I USED TO BE A LETTER-MAN AT DALE! WHY NOT SHOW IT?

WHY BRAG ABOUT A LETTER? BET I COULD HAVE WON ONE MYSELF!

HUH! LISTEN TO THE WOMAN!

I WORKED MY FOOL HEAD OFF TO GET MY "D"--TOOK ME TWO YEARS! YOU COULDN'T GET ONE IN TWO CENTURIES!

CALM DOWN, D-MAN! THE GAME'S ABOUT TO START!

LOOKS LIKE A BLACK DAY FOR COACH BULDOZE AND HIS MEALY SQUAD. DALE'S POWERHOUSE IS UNDEFEATED, AND MEALY HAS LOST SEVEN GAMES IN A ROW! WELL, GET SET, FOLKS! DALE IS KICKING OFF!

JONES TAKES THE BALL, BUT HE'S ABOUT TO BE SMEARED--HOLD ON, FOLKS! SOMETHING AMAZING IS HAPPENING! JUST WHEN DALE MEN WERE ABOUT TO TACKLE JONES, THEY FROZE IN POSITION LIKE STATUES!

GOSH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO 'EM, BUT HERE'S MY CHANCE!

THE DALE BOYS ARE IN MOTION AGAIN, BUT IT'S TOO LATE! JONES SCORES FOR MEALY!

UGH! IT CAN'T BE! THEY FELL ASLEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF A PLAY!

DON'T WORRY, TY. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

THE YEAR'S BIGGEST UPSET IS IN THE MAKING! DALE KEEPS FREEZING UP AT CRUCIAL SPORTS! HERE COMES A DALE PASS!

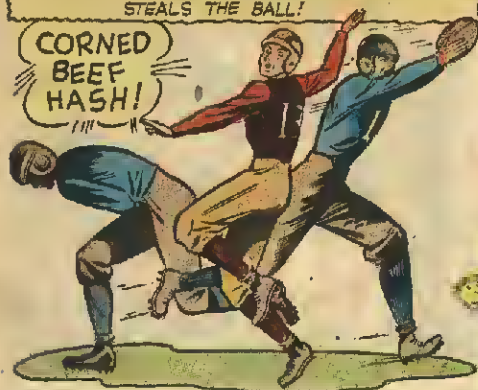
I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!

QUEER, IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT DALE PLAYS STATUES EVERY TIME THAT GUY WITH THE MEGAPHONE YELLS!

CORNED BEEF HASH

OOPS! AGAIN DALE FREEZES! A MEALY MAN STEALS THE BALL!

CORNE
BEEF
HASH!



HE ROMPS OVER FOR ANOTHER T.D. MEALY LEADS 20-0 AS THE HALF ENDS!

OW! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!

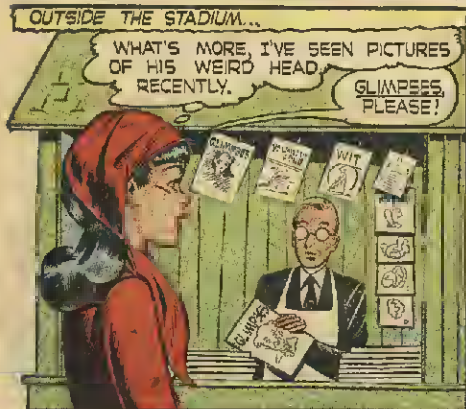
TY IS TOO SHATTERED TO HELP ME CHECK MY HUNCH, CRAZY AS IT SEEMS, I'M SURE THAT HASH-CALLER IS QUARTER-BACKING THIS UPSET!



OUTSIDE THE STADIUM...

WHAT'S MORE, I'VE SEEN PICTURES OF HIS WEIRD HEAD... RECENTLY.

GLIMPSES, PLEASE!



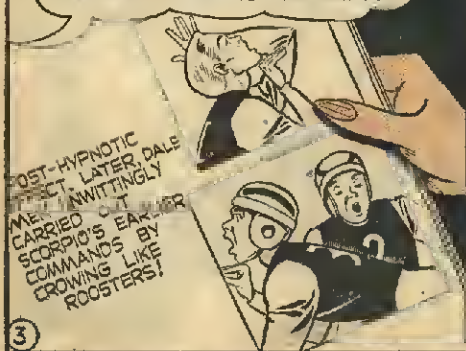
AH! HERE HE IS!

BUY
BOND



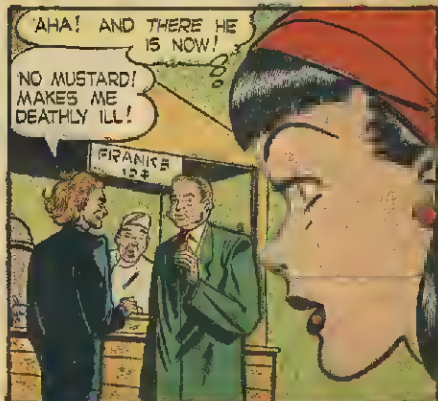
PROFESSOR SCORPIO DEMONSTRATES HYPNOTIC POWERS ON DALE FOOTBALL SQUAD

I GET IT! SCORPIO IS STILL GIVING THE TEAM HYPNOTIC COMMANDS!



AHA! AND THERE HE IS NOW!

NO MUSTARD! MAKES ME DEATHLY ILL!



NICE WORK, SCORPIO, BUT THE BOSS WON'T PAY THE TWO GRAND TILL THE GAME IS OVER!

SEE HERE, SCORPIO--

WHO'S YOUR BOSS? I'M WISE TO YOU! YOU HYPNOTIZED THE DALE SQUAD TO BECOME MOTIONLESS EVERY TIME THEY HEAR THAT CORNED BEEF HASH YELP!

ULP!

GO TO SLEEP, MY DEAR. THIS IS ALL A DREAM. GO TO--

SAVE YOUR BREATH. I KNOW THAT PEOPLE CAN BE HYPNOTIZED ONLY WHEN THEY WANT TO BE!

YOU TRICKED THOSE INNOCENT COLLEGE BOYS! YOU'RE A SCORPION, SCORPIO, BUT I'LL TAKE OUT YOUR STING!

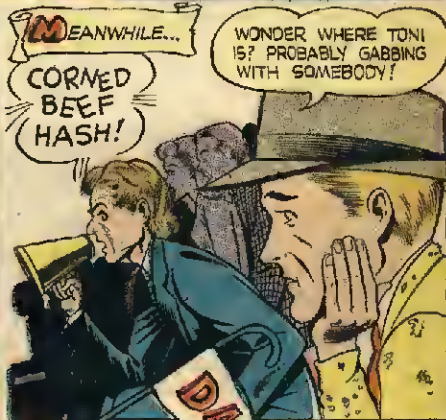
THANKS FOR TRYING TO PUT ME TO SLEEP, BUT I'M NOT TIRED!

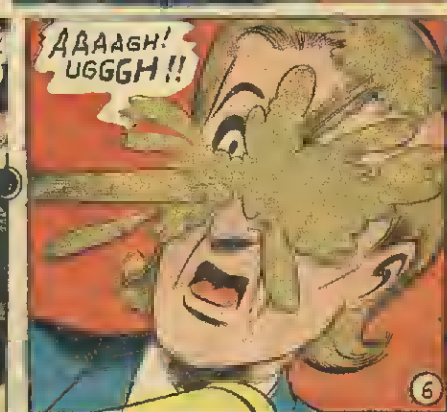
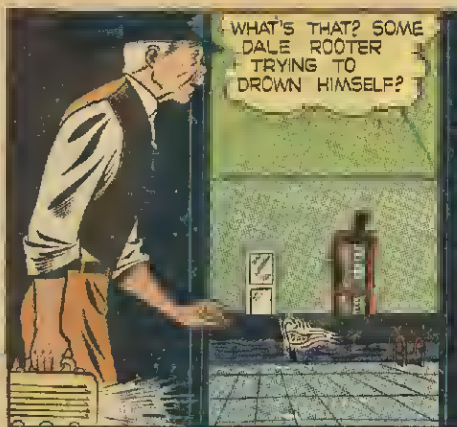
AWWK!

MAYBE THIS WILL PUT YA TO SLEEP SISTER!

SOCK!

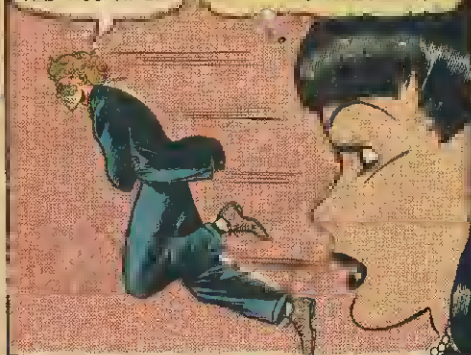
QUICK! TAKE HER TO THE SPORTS BUILDING! IT'S EMPTY BECAUSE OF THE GAME!





DOOH! DOOH!
TAKE ME TO
THE HOSPITAL!

I GUESS I SETTLED HIS
HASH! NOW TO FIND THE
MAN WHO HIRED HIM!



TONI! DALE
FINALLY SCORED!

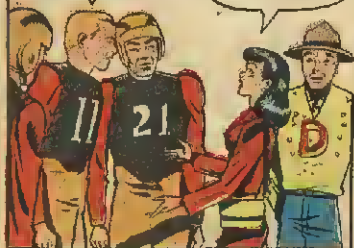
C'MON! THEY'LL
SCORE A LOT -
MORE WHEN I TELL
'EM WHAT GOES!



TONI TELLS THE STORY.

SO THAT'S IT!
LET'S GO, GANG!
WE CAN STILL
PULL THIS GAME
OUT OF THE FIRE!

GO TO IT! TY
AND I'LL NAB
THE WORM
BEHIND ALL
THIS TROUBLE,
I HOPE!



PLAY US FOR SUCKERS,
EH? WE'LL SHOW 'EM!



DALE HAS SNAPPED OUT
OF IT! THEY'RE RUNNING WILD!
THEY'RE FURIOUS! AND NOW
THEY SCORE AGAIN!



YEOW! ONE MORE TOUCH-
DOWN AND WE WIN! WHY
DRAG ME OVER TO THE
MEALY BENCH AT A TIME
LIKE THIS!

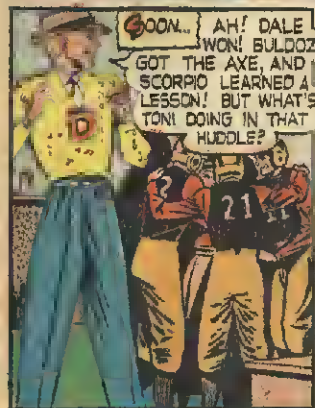
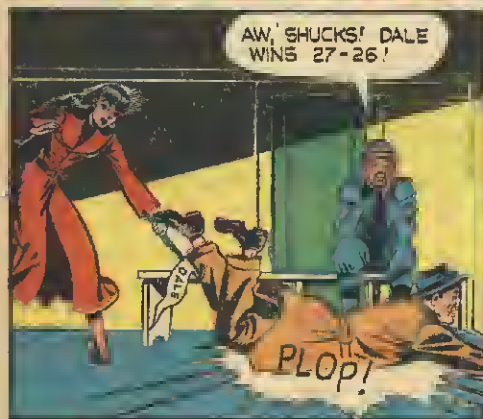
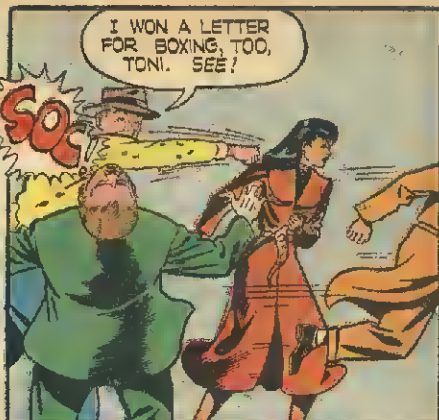
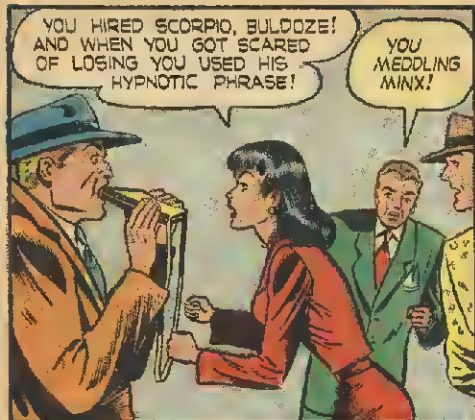
CORNEE
BEEF HASH! JUST
ANOTHER HUNCH,
AND IT'S
PAYING OFF!



CORNEE
BEEF HA-
UGH!

OH, NO, COACH
BULOOZE, YOU
WON'T BREAK UP
THIS PLAY!





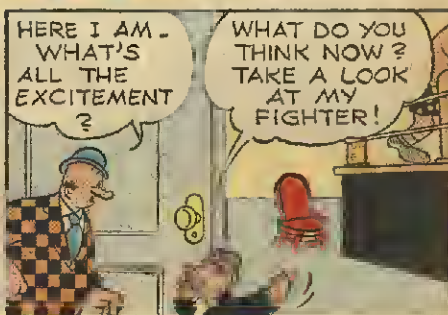
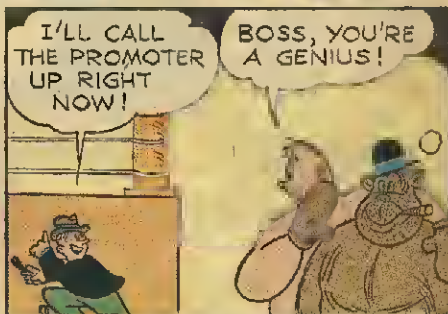
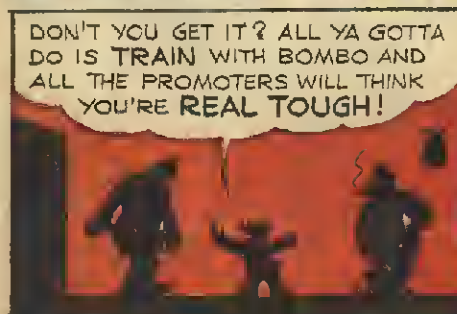
TWO-TON O'TOOLE

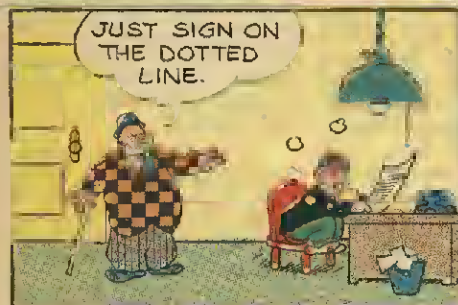
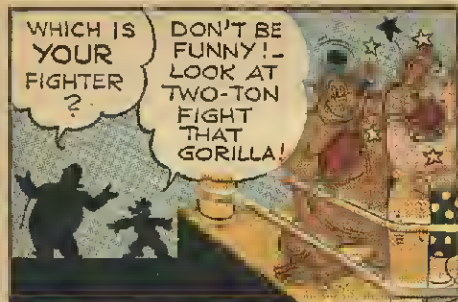
BY
ART HELFANT,

AW, IT'S NO USE.. I'LL NEVER
GET A FIGHT WID TH' CHAMP!

TH' PROMOTER
DOESN'T THINK
I'M GOOD
ENOUGH!

HAW!
DON'T WORRY
TWO-TON -
WAIT 'TIL
YOU SEE
MY IDEA!





THE MESSAGE..

A STIFF MAINE breeze was kicking up the bay when Sammy Tuttle and Roge Jackson reached the Sayville dock that afternoon after school. A dory powered by an outboard was churning in from Hawk Island and the boys knew it was Pop Adams, the lighthouse keeper.

Pop was a special friend of theirs and often gave them tips on how to set their lobster traps. The boys were saving their money for a power boat.

"How ya, boys," Pop called, as he cut the outboard and tied in at the dock. "Did you hear the news?"

"What news?" both Sammy and Roge asked at once.

"Two convicts broke out of the penitentiary up the coast this morning. Just got it on my radio at the lighthouse. They stole a green and white tug and are thought to be headin' down the coast. I want to get hold of Jim Barker and let him know about it, just in case."

Jim Barker was chief guard at the Sayville Coastal Station.

"We're going out to tend our traps," Sammy said. "If we see the tug, we'll let Jim know about it."

"I wouldn't go out beyond the island, boys," Pop said, eyeing the choppy sea. "I think we're in for a real blow."

After Pop had gone, the boys made their dory ready and put out from the dock. They had two sets of oars and managed to make fair headway against the wind. They had just reached the red buoy markers on their first string of traps, when they saw Pop

Adams heading back across the bay toward Hawk Island. He waved to them.

They took three lobsters in the first string of traps.

"Not bad, hey Roge?" Sammy chuckled, holding up the largest. "I think we'll go better than two-fifty today."

"An' we still have another string to look at," Roge said. Storm clouds were gathering in the east. Overhead, the gulls were crying softly, circling nearer the bay for shelter. "You think we'd better go out any further?" Roge asked.

"Those gulls are talking storm all right," Sammy said. "But let's take a chance. Even if the storm does break, we don't have too far to go."

The storm broke before they reached the traps. They could see it coming before it struck them. A long sheet of slanting rain, driven furiously before the shrieking wind, was sweeping in from the sea.

"We're in for it now, Roge," Sammy said hoarsely, laying hard on his oars. "We're going to get it good."

The huge waves cracked against the bow of the dory and she heaved under their weight. Over the howl of the storm came the steady drum of a motor and both boys looked up to see the white Coast Guard cutter putting in toward them. Jim Barker was standing at the wheel in his oilskins.

Jim cut the motor and shouted, "Put in at Hawk Island and stay with Pop. I'll let your folks know."

He throttled the motor and the cutter sped past them, to-

ward the Sayville dock.

Pulling hard, the boys reached Hawk Island in a matter of minutes. Above them rose the lighthouse tower. It was getting dark and the floodlight was swinging out over the water.

On one side of the tower shone a bright red light. Pop had put this up a short while before when the boys were visiting him on the island.

Pop liked to tinker around with electricity.

The boys tied up their dory and hurried down the path that followed the rocky shore line around the island. Their minds were filled with thoughts of the hot coffee and doughnuts they knew Pop would have ready for them. It was then that they saw it.

The green and white tug!

In a little cove, moored out of sight of anyone passing by, she was riding out the storm.

"THE CONVICTS!" both boys exclaimed at once.

Wet and shivering, they looked at each other in shocked silence. The full fury of the storm had struck now, and mountainous waves were breaking over the island.

"We could never put the dory out in that sea," said Sammy. "But we've got to get a message through to Jim Barker somehow."

The boys were scared, but the thought of old Pop in the lighthouse with the convicts lessened their own fears.

"Let's sneak up to the lighthouse," whispered Roge. "We can figure out something then."

They could see the light

shining through the window at the bottom of the lighthouse tower. Inside was the nice large room where Pop lived with his many treasures of the sea.

Coming near, they fell on their stomachs and wormed their way along the wet ground to the lower window.

"Help me up," whispered Sammy. The window was a little too high for him. "Brace yourself against the wall."

Sammy inched his face up to the lower corner of the window and what he saw inside made him almost cry out with terror.

Pop, his head sagging on his chest, was tied up in the corner near his old rocking chair. The ends of grey hair that fell over his forehead were red with blood from an ugly gash, and his face was strangely white. A short, black-bearded man was bending over him, holding a large automatic. There was no one else in the room.

Sammy signaled to Roge to lower him.

"They got Pop," he sobbed. "They got him, Roge. I think he's dead."

The boys gripped each other in fear.

"There's only *one* convict in there," Sammy said, when he could speak again. "Poor Pop must have heard wrong over the radio."

"What'll we do?" cried Roge.

Sammy had thoughts of rushing in and clubbing the short, bearded one with anything he could lay his hands on. But reason checked him. Against that automatic, it would be useless.

"We'll just have to put out with the dog," Sammy said. "We can't let Pop down . . .

if he's still alive."

They fell on their stomachs and started to crawl to the nearest fringe of trees.

Suddenly, over the sound of the falling rain, they heard heavy footsteps on the hard path leading to the lighthouse. It was the second convict. He was shorter and heavier than the first.

Just then, the light from the tower swung around and a leak from the bottom exposed them to view. They heard the man curse as he caught sight of them.

"What the . . . devil?" he cried, and there was a gun in his hand. "C'mon . . . c'mon . . . get up!"

He collared the two of them and dragged them to the tower room.

"Hey, Vickers," he cried to the convict inside with Pop, "look what I found outside."

The man called Vickers looked them over and an ugly grin spread across his broad face.

"A couple of hayseeds, eh?" he said. "Well, tie them up and throw them in the corner."

With their hands tied stoutly behind their backs, the boys were thrown roughly into the corner. Across the room near the rocker, Pop stirred a little and mumbled. Vickers beckoned toward him.

"You almost croaked him," he said to the other convict.

"So what? We'll be out of here in the morning. No one'll be around here tonight as long as we keep the light working."

The ropes were cutting into Sammy's wrists and he bit his lips at the pain. It was then that his hands came in contact with something round and hard at the end of a cord. It was the

wire that ran up to Pop's red light on the tower.

An idea flashed through Sammy's mind. He watched the convicts carefully as he carried out his plan. Outside, the storm had abated.

An hour later, the door crashed opened. Jim Barker and two of his men had the convicts covered before they quite knew what had happened.

"Nice goin', Sammy," Jim Barker grinned, untying him. "I got your message perfectly."

"What message?" Vickers growled. "The kid didn't send any message."

"No?" said Jim, turning on him. "That's what you think! Sammy moved that plug in the outlet in and out while you two lugs were sitting right there and watching him. The red light on the tower blinked out an S-O-S in Morse code that was picked up by everyone in Sayville."

Jim's two men took the convicts off while Sammy and Roge helped get Pop into bed. They put cold towels on his face to bring him to.

"You can't kill an old sea dog like him," Jim laughed when Pop came around. "Oh, incidentally, you kids, there's a 500-dollar reward on those two lugs. What are you guys going to do with all that money?"

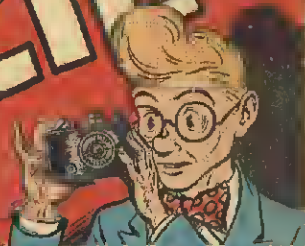
Pop was smiling up at them and right then and there Sammy and Roge had visions of that power boat. The whole summer lay ahead of them. To think of a power boat all their own!

"Gee, whiz!" was all they could say.

THE END

CANDID CHARLIE

BOB Q. SIEGE



LENSVILLE
HIGH
SCHOOL

DR.
XAVIER
CHIMP
ICTHYOLOGIST,
WILL
LECTURE
ON HIS EXHIBIT
OF RARE AND
EXOTIC
EVERYONE
IS WELCOME!

DIS IS DA LAST
TANK, DR. CHIMP!

VERY WELL,
GENTLEMEN,
KNOCK OFF
FOR AWHILE!

THIS ALL LOOKS
KINDA FISHY TO ME
—SOME JOKE, EH,
CHARLIE?



SUDDENLY CHARLIE SEES
SOMETHING SURPRISING...

GOLLY!
MERKIN
MEANT
THAT AS
A GAG,
BUT IT
MIGHT
BE
TRUE!

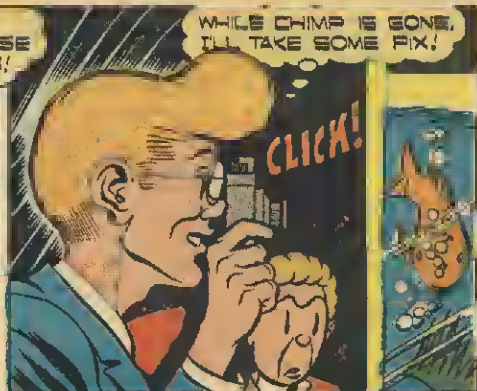
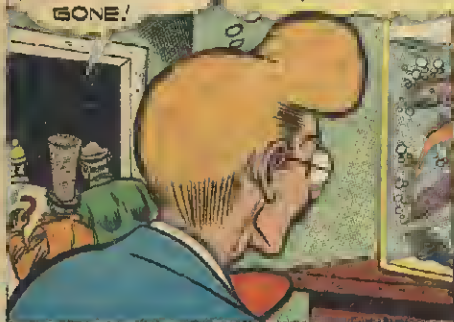
A COUPLE OF THOSE BIG FISH
DROPPED OFF ONE OF THE FISH--
AND NOW IT LOOKS LIKE AN
ORDINARY TROUT.



WE CAN FINISH
UP LATER WHEN
THE KIDS ARE
GONE!

HMM...SOMETHING'S
PHONY ABOUT THESE
RARE, EXOTIC FISH!

WHILE CHIMP IS GONE,
I'LL TAKE SOME PIX!



LATER, WHEN THE SCHOOL IS EMPTY,
CHIMP RETURNS...

DUMP THEM
IN THE CREEK,
BOYS.

SEE, BOSS, YOUR IDEA
OF STICKING ON FAKE
FINS WIT' WATERPROOF
GLUE WAS A RIP!

YEAH, IMAGINE DISGUISIN'
ORDINARY TROUT TO LOOK
LIKE RARE
SPECIMENS!

NOW I
GO INTO
THE NEXT
ACT!

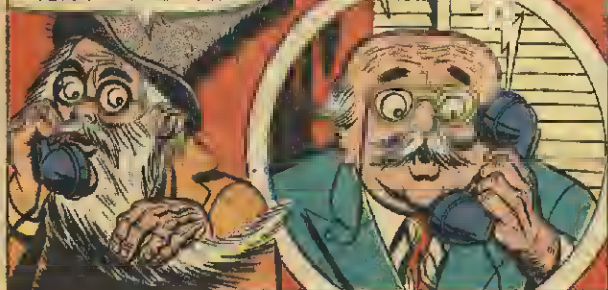


SOON DR. CHIMP CALLS
LENEVILLE HIGH'S NEW
PRINCIPAL...

WHY DIDN'T THE SCHOOL
PROTECT THEM? I
DEMAND TEN THOUSAND
DOLLARS COMPENSATION!

MY FISH
HAVE BEEN STOLEN
FROM YOUR SCHOOL,
PRINCIPAL! MY LIFE'S
WORK VANISHED!

UHP!



I'LL HAVE TO CALL A
BOARD MEETING...
\$10,000...MAYBE I'LL BE
FIRED...DEAR, OH DEAR!



NEWS TRAVELS FAST IN LENSVILLE, AND SO DOES MERKIN.

HI, DR. CHIMPI! YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DESCRIBING YOUR MISSING FISH!

I'M NOT WORRYING, MY BOY. DON'T BOTHER ME. I'M VERY BUSY!



SCRAM! YOU HEARD WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID!

BUT MY PAL CHARLIE TOOK SNAPSHOTS OF ALL YOUR FISH!



WHAT'S THAT?

YIPE! IF ANY EXPERT SEES SNAPSHOTS OF THOSE DRESSED-UP FISH, THEY'LL BE EXPOSED AS PHONY... AND SO WILL I!

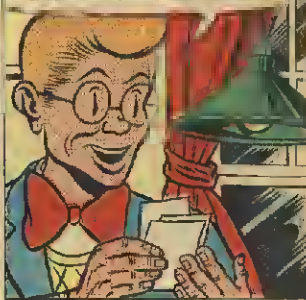
TAKE US TO YOUR FRIEND, QUICKLY!

SURE!



MEANWHILE, CHARLIE HAS DEVELOPED THE FILM...

PROFESSOR BECK OUGHT TO SEE THESE!



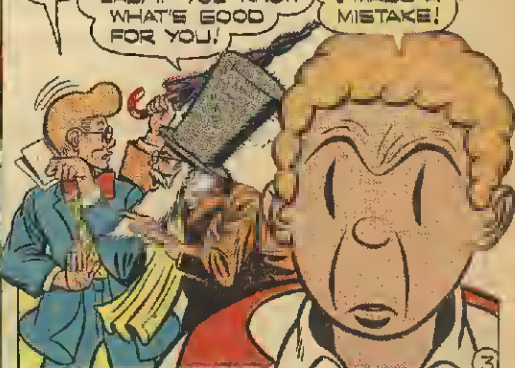
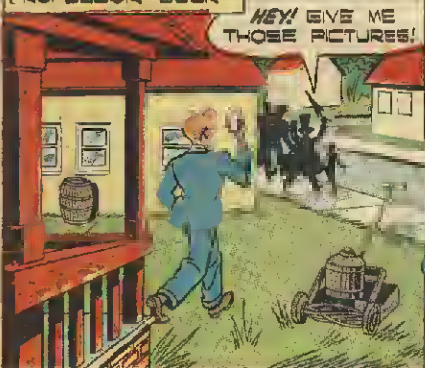
AS, CHARLIE LEAVES TO CALL ON PROFESSOR BECK--

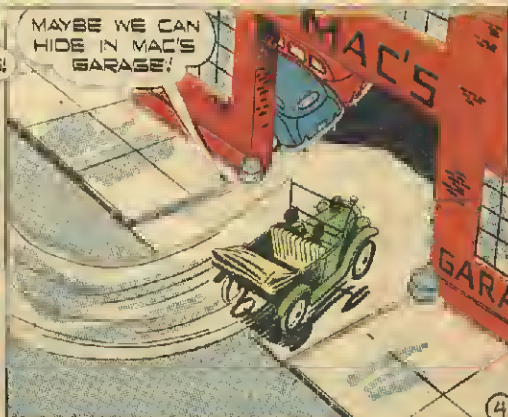
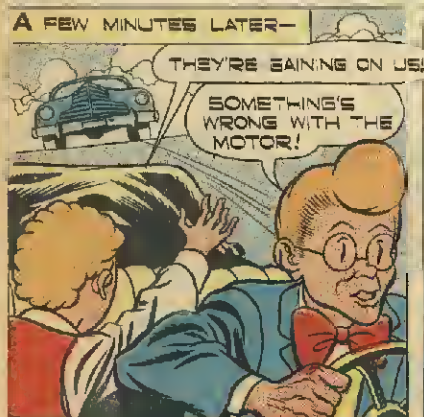
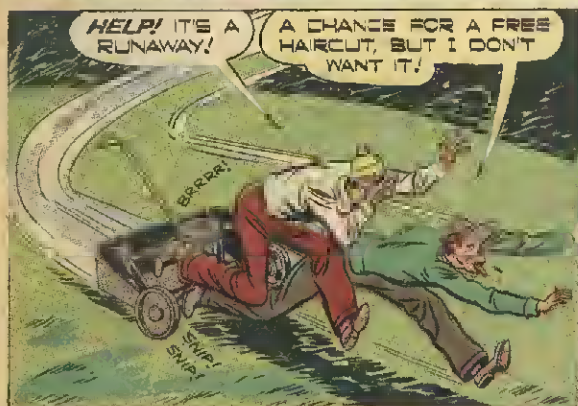
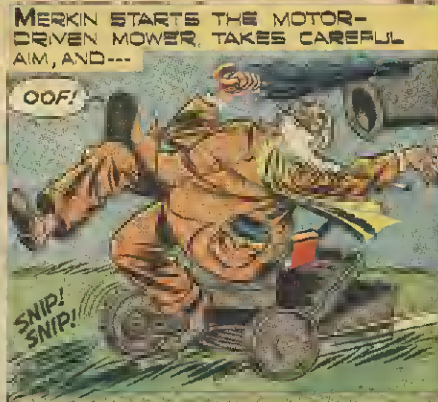
HEY! GIVE ME THOSE PICTURES!

NO!

YOU'D BETTER, MY LAD, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

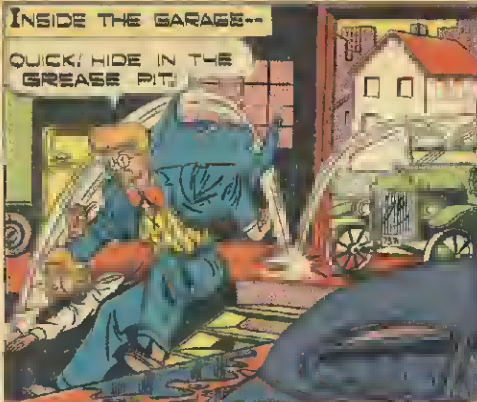
ULP! I THINK I MADE A MISTAKE!



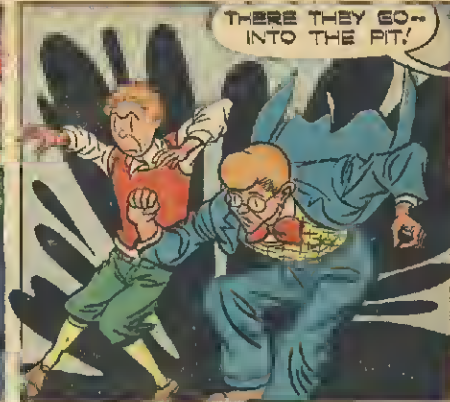


INSIDE THE GARAGE--

QUICK! HIDE IN THE
GREASE PIT!

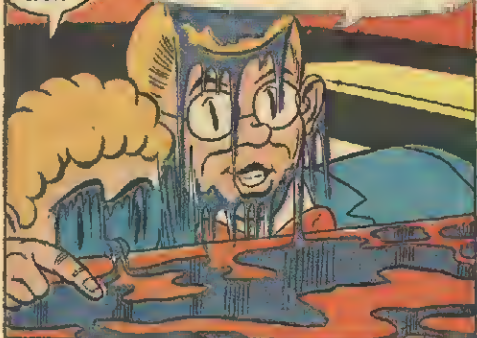


THERE THEY GO--
INTO THE PIT!

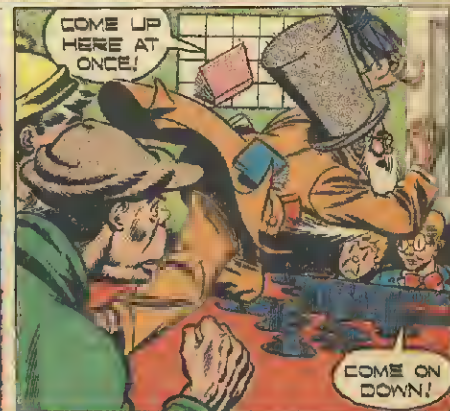


THEY
FOUND
US!

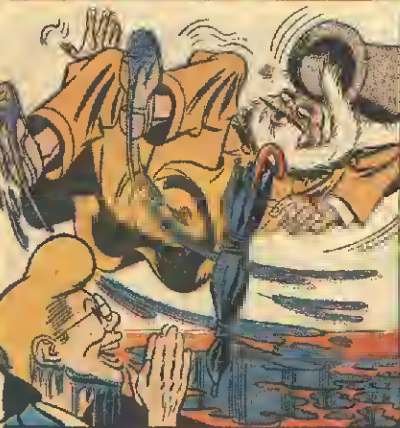
THIS GREASE ON THE
EDGE OF THE PIT OUGHTA
HELP 'EM COME DOWN.



COME UP
HERE AT
ONCE!



COME ON
DOWN!



HAH! THEY'RE
RUNNING RIGHT
INTO OUR HANDS!

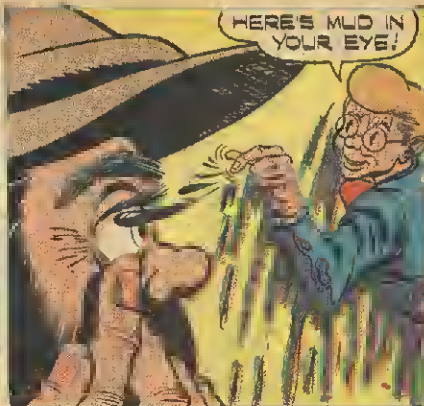


WELL-GREASED, THE BOYS ARE HARD TO HOLD!

HEY! HOLD STILL!

SMASH

WHOOSH!



WHAT'S THE IDEA, CHARLIE? TRYIN' TO RUIN MY GARAGE?

SORRY, MAC!



LOCK THE DOOR, MAC! WE'VE GOT THREE SWINDLERS TRAPPED IN THERE!

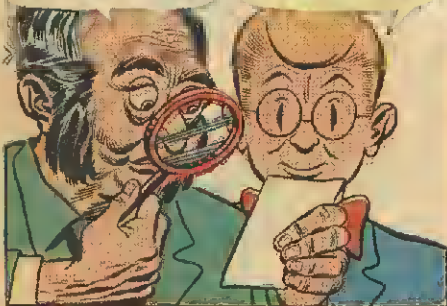
WELL, OKAY, BUT THIS BETTER NOT BE ANY HIGH SCHOOL PRANK!



LATER...

NO SUCH FISH EVER EXISTED. THEY'RE OBVIOUS FAKES!

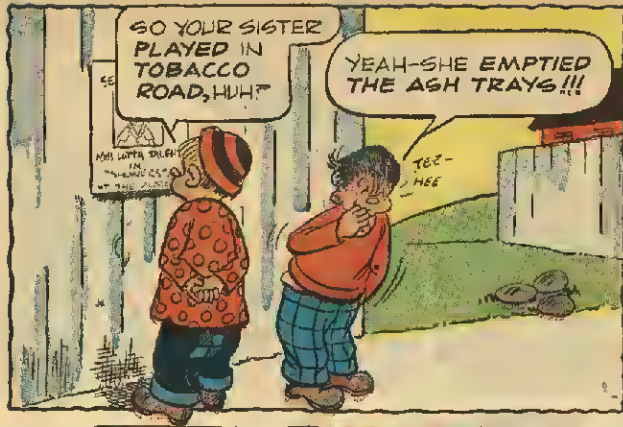
IN THAT CASE, CHIMP AND HIS CHUMS WILL STAY IN JAIL FOR QUITE A WHILE!



GREAT WORK, BOYS! YOU'VE SAVED THE SCHOOL TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

THAT'S ONE FISH STORY, SIR, WE'RE GLAD TO BELIEVE!





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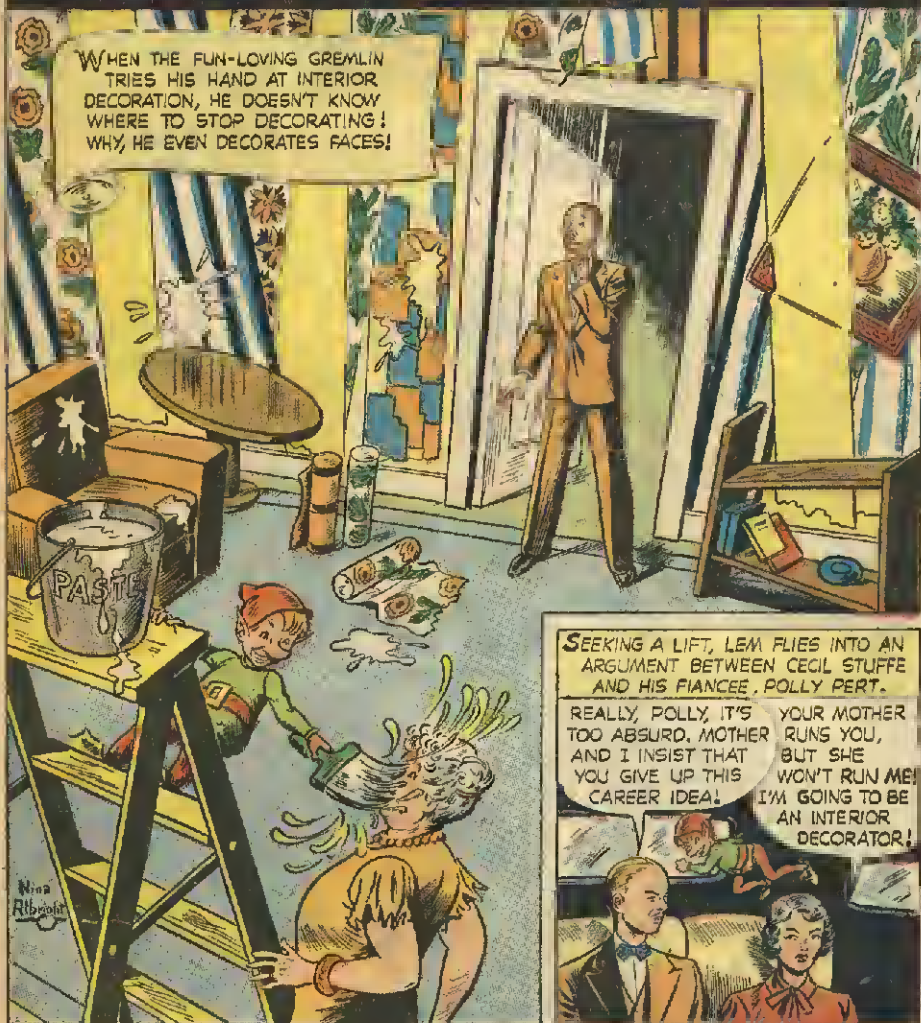
WESTERN CRAFTSMEN Dept. 2306, Omaha 2, Nebraska

\$2.98 POST PAID



LEM THE GREY

WHEN THE FUN-LOVING GREMLIN TRIES HIS HAND AT INTERIOR DECORATION, HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE TO STOP DECORATING! WHY, HE EVEN DECORATES FACES!

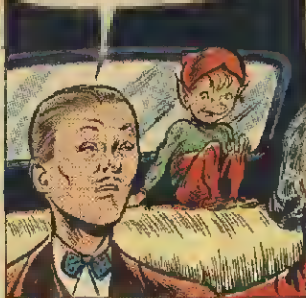


IF YOU WON'T LEND ME THE MONEY TO START A SHOP I'LL GET IT SOME PLACE ELSE!

ATTAGIRL! I LIKE FIGHTIN' SPIRIT!



VERY WELL, POLLY. YOU MAY RE-DO THE STUFFE APARTMENT! IF MOTHER APPROVES YOUR WORK, I'LL BACK YOU!



MOTHER RETURNS TO TOWN TOMORROW.

YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST- AND IF SHE DOESN'T LIKE THE JOB, YOU'LL ST FORGET YOUR CAREER FOREVER!

I'LL TRY HARD TO MAKE GOOD!

AND LEMUEL GREMLIN, ESQUIRE, WILL GIVE YOU A HAND!



LATER, AT THE STUFFE APARTMENT...

GOOD THING CECIL IS STAYING AT HIS CLUB. I'LL HAVE TO WORK ALL NIGHT ON THIS JOB. AND IT HAS TO BE PERFECT!

LET'S GET STARTED HERE! I WANT ACTION!



ASSEMBLING THIS MODERN FURNITURE MAY BE TRICKY!

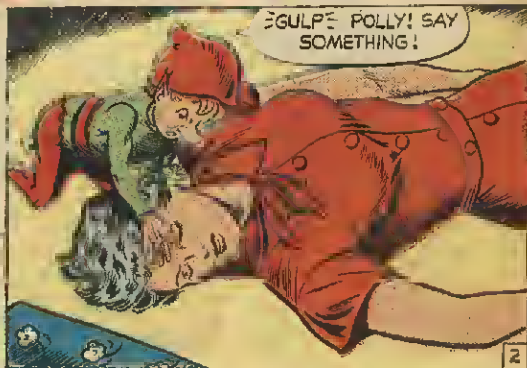


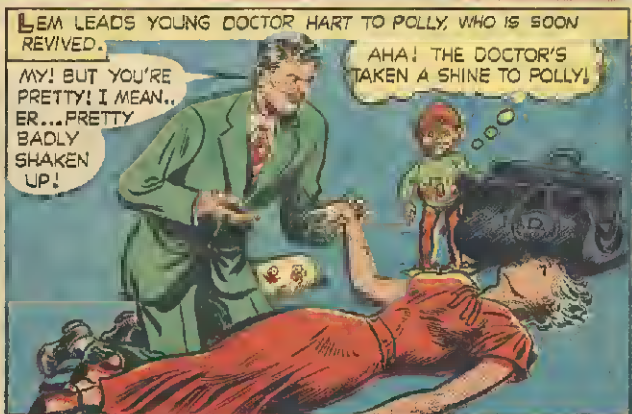
OOOPS!

THUD!



GULP! POLLY! SAY SOMETHING!





I KNOW! I'LL DECORATE THE JOINT MYSELF! NOTHING LIKE A GREMLIN'S TOUCH TO BRIGHTEN UP A HOME!



MRS. STUFFE WILL BE AMAZED WHEN SHE SEES MY WORK TOMORROW!

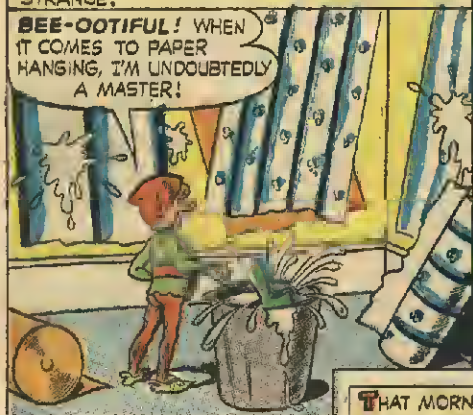


ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, LEM WORKS BUSILY, SLAPPING UP WALLPAPER, ASSEMBLING FURNITURE.



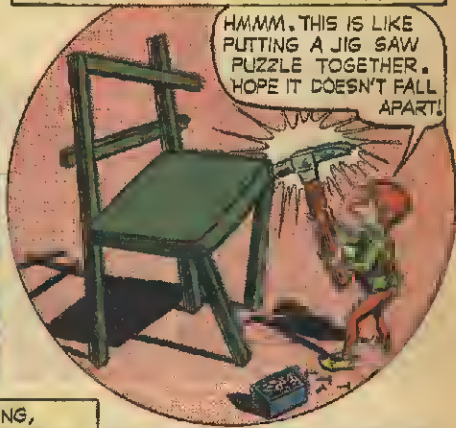
UNFORTUNATELY, LEM'S TASTES ARE RATHER STRANGE!

BEE-OOTIFUL! WHEN IT COMES TO PAPER HANGING, I'M UNDOUBTEDLY A MASTER!



AND, MODERN FUNITURE Baffles HIM!

HMMM... THIS IS LIKE PUTTING A JIG SAW PUZZLE TOGETHER. HOPE IT DOESN'T FALL APART!



THAT MORNING, POLLY PERT SLIPS OUT OF THE HOSPITAL.

I MUST GET TO THE STUFFE APARTMENT! PERHAPS I CAN FIX IT UP AT LEAST A LITTLE.



HOWEVER, MRS. STUFFE ARRIVES FIRST.

EEEEEEEEEECK! YIPE!

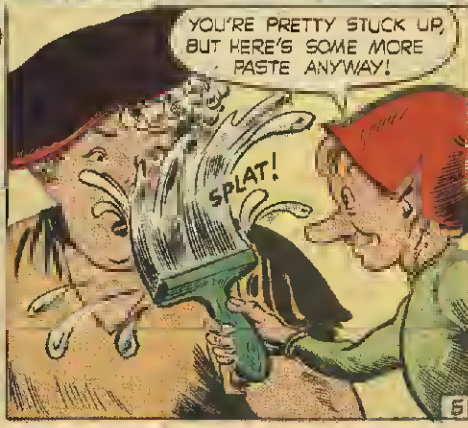
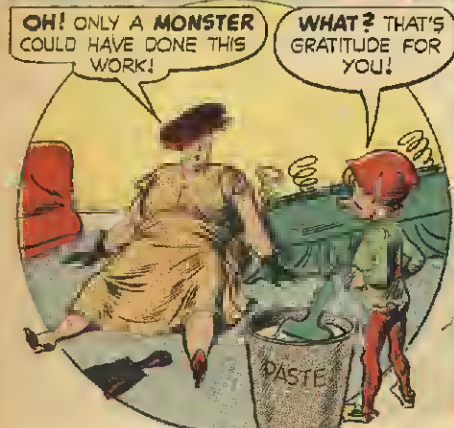
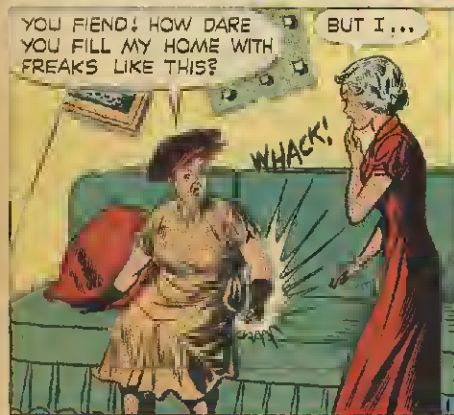
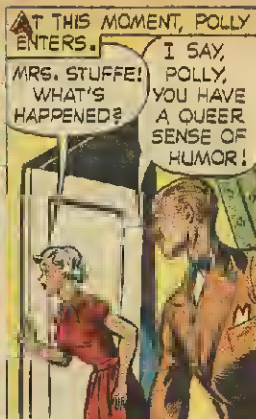
WHAT'S THAT? CAN'T A GUY GET A LITTLE SLEEP AROUND HERE?



FINALLY...

HO HUM! EVERYTHING'S FINISHED! I'LL GET SOME SHUT-EYE NOW, UNTIL MRS. STUFFE SHOWS UP!

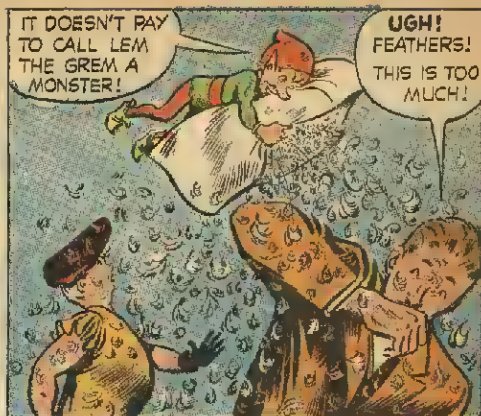






YOU TOO, CECIL
OLE BOY!

SPLAT!



IT DOESN'T PAY
TO CALL LEM
THE GREM A
MONSTER!

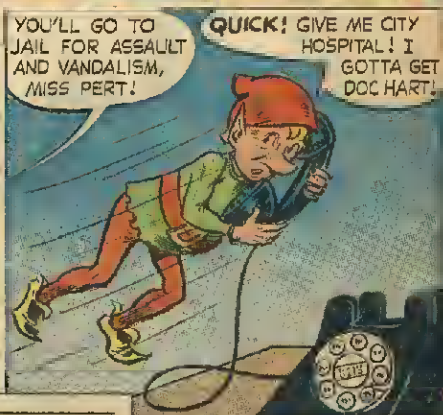
UGH!
FEATHERS!
THIS IS TOO
MUCH!



OUR ENGAGEMENT
IS OFF! WE'RE
THROUGH!

POLICE! POLICE!
THROW THIS WOMAN
IN JAIL!

BUT I...



YOU'LL GO TO
JAIL FOR ASSAULT
AND VANDALISM,
MISS PERT!

QUICK! GIVE ME CITY
HOSPITAL! I
GOTTA GET
DOC HART!



ZIP OVER HERE, DOC!
POLLY PERT NEEDS YOU!
EMERGENCY!

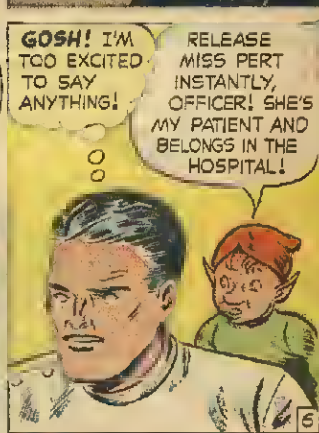
GREAT SCOTT!
I'LL BE RIGHT
OVER!



COME WITH
ME, LADY!

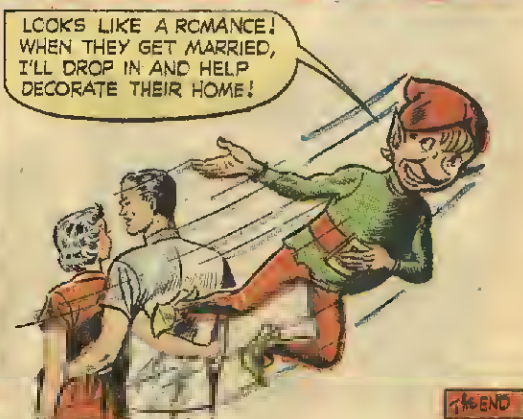
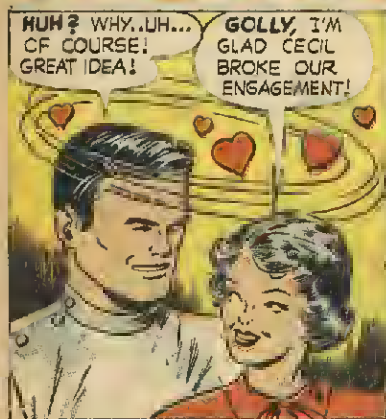
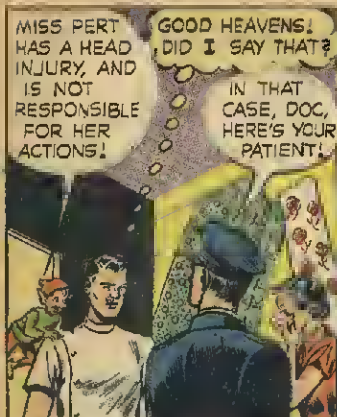
POLLY!
WHAT'S
HAPPENED?
THIS IS
AWFUL!

SOB



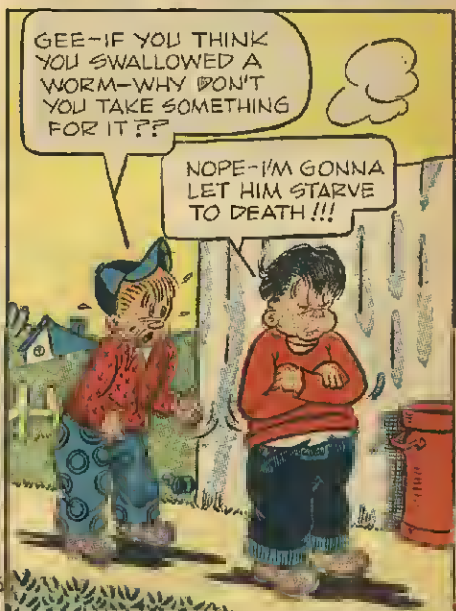
GOSH! I'M
TOO EXCITED
TO SAY
ANYTHING!

RELEASE
MISS PERT
INSTANTLY,
OFFICER! SHE'S
MY PATIENT AND
BELONGS IN THE
HOSPITAL!



THE END

Dick Cole is now in a book of his own entitled "DICK COLE" on sale at the newsstands.



4 MOST FUN

I WONDER WHY A GIRAFFE HAS SUCH A LONG NECK?

MAYBE IT'S 'CAUSE HIS HEAD IS SO FAR FROM HIS BODY!!

WHAT? YOU LIKE SCHOOL, HUH?

SURE! IF IT WASN'T FOR SCHOOL, WE WOULDN'T HAVE ANY VACATIONS!!

FOR SALE
SMALL PLOTS
FOR DIGEST
WRITERS..
HOUSE CUPHUTE

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS CALL ME FLO? THAT ISN'T MY NAME!!

I KNOW - BUT YOU ALWAYS TALK IN A STEADY STREAM!!

WHAT D'YA MEAN THE NOISE OF YOUR MATTRESS KEEPS YOU AWAKE AT NIGHT??

THAT'S RIGHT! THE TICKING IN IT IS SOMETHING AWFUL!!

OP
MIL HAMMER

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Best of all, that big beauty boasts the famous Schwinn-Built trademark! And nobody knows better than you fellows and girls how important that Schwinn label is.

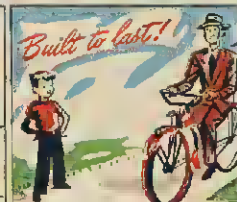
For over 50 years, Schwinn has manufactured the country's very finest bikes . . . for sleek riding, for keen looks, for endurance. See the whole classy line. Find your nearest Schwinn dealer's name in the classified phone directory.



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KIDS WANT A SCHWINN
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